I Felt Them Trying to Get at me Through The Soil

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I Felt Them Trying to Get at me Through The Soil

by dylan69

Summary

Instead of going after Abigail Hobbs, Eldon Stammets decides to cut out the middle man and connect with Will directly.

Will laughed above him as he grabbed his cock, smearing dirt over its length as he pumped, “Nothing made me, Doctor Lecter,” he looked down his nose, like a god staring at an ant, “I made me.”

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Panic raced through Will's veins, icy cold. It suffocated Will, causing sweat to gather across his brow. It had surrounded him, inside and out, since he'd learned what Freddie told Eldon Stammets.

That *bastard* journalist had told a serial killer all about him and all about Abigail Hobbs.

Will sprinted down the hospital hallway, nauseous from fear. He skidded around the corner, air catching in his lungs as he saw Abigail, resting in her bed. Will clutched at the door frame, calm superseding panic, terrified air escaping his lungs. Abigail was okay. Stammets hadn't gotten to her.

His breath froze as a gun clicked behind him.

"Don't turn around." A raspy voice said, as a cold metal barrel pressed to the nape of Will's neck, "Or make a sound. Just do what I say."

Will tried to nod, only for the gun to be jammed deeper into his neck.

Hannibal hummed along to the orchestral music that filled his kitchen. He placed a piece of lung into the pan, savoring the sizzling noises.

His phone burst through Hannibal's calm. He grimaced, imagining stabbing a paring knife through the device. Truly an odious object, he thought.

He picked up the phone, noting that Jack was calling him, and answered.

What Jack told Hannibal infuriated him. Hannibal's fist clenched around the phone, the pressure of his enraged fingers caused cracks to erupt across the screen.

Hannibal offered his goodbyes, then sat the phone down with a clink. He inhaled, rage bubbling through his veins. Will had gone missing two days ago, hours after Lounds told Eldon Stammets, the mushroom killer, all about him.

It had taken those *imbeciles* two days to start looking for Will. Two days where anything could happen. The vision of Will, his favorite little lamb, buried in the dirt and turned to mushroom fertilizer sickened Hannibal.

Will was his newest interest, his newest toy. He was different from the other pigs in the world, although he was just as blind. His ignorance, the bumbling way he hunted down the man he often sat across from, was endearing. It was cute. Hannibal wanted to keep Will in the thrall of it all for as long as possible, teeter him closer and closer to the true darkness of the world, and watch him crash into his own morality. It would be as tragic as it would be beautiful.

But it wouldn't be anything if Will died at the hands of a worthless killer who had no true appreciation of him. Hannibal snarled, gritting his teeth, and deciding that he would need to

take matters into his own hands.

It took Hannibal a few mere hours to locate Eldon Stammets' house, proving, once again, that the FBI was full of imbeciles and idiots. How someone as brilliant and unique as Will Graham fell into their ranks was a mystery.

He considered calling the FBI to handle it, but he had no faith in them. Besides, he'd brought his plastic suit, and it would be a waste not to use it.

Stammets' house was average and filthy, a perfect summary of the man. Hannibal stepped through it carefully, looking for anything that could betray Will's location. He turned a corner, and saw a trail of dirt leading upstairs. Hannibal tensed, casual stride turning to a sprint as he visualized what Stammets did to his other victims.

Hannbal nearly ripped the bathroom door off its hinges as he launched himself inside. The bathtub was overflowing with soil, the caps of a few small mushrooms peaking out.

A single, pale hand extended from the tub, attached to an intravenous tube.

Hannibal snarled, digging at the dirt with his bare hands. Soil spilled everywhere, gathering under his fingernails and over his shirt. He saw a sliver of flesh and tore at it, jerking Will's unconscious body up and out of the muck.

Saliva seeped around Hannibal's teeth, fury and frustration weighing his tongue down. Will could be gone, dead at the hand of a oafish, vacuous, droning, *stupid* killer. He was gone. The only thing that had brought flavor and color into Hannibal's life had slipped through his fingers. The world turned to ash in his mouth, the universe became duller. Hannibal hated it, hated how empty everything felt without Will; he hated how much he cared about Will, someone he intended to toy with and throw away.

An air cannula pumped oxygen into Will's nose. His curls were matted down with dirt, every inch of flesh smeared with mud. Hannibal's hands desperately clutched at his neck, locating a slow, but steady thump.

Hannibal's rage still roared, but he was comforted that Will was still living. He hadn't understood how much he valued Will, but he would not make the same mistake again. He would not be able to dash Will against the rocks. Instead, Hannibal quickly drew up a plan to lock Will away, toss him into a gilded cage, away from all threats, so he would not risk harming Hannibal again.

As his thoughts roared, Hannibal became deaf to the rest of the world for a mere second. Unfortunately, that was all Eldon Stammets needed to sneak in, behind the other killer.

Stammets grabbed Hannibal, covering his mouth with a chemical soaked rag. Hannibal should have been able to throw the weaker man effortlessly, yet he was a second behind. He

bucked, yet the chemicals were too strong.

Hannibal felt as if the blood in his veins had been replaced with syrup. He laid in the bathtub where he'd found Will, surrounded by soil. He fought to open his eyes.

What he saw astounded him. Will Graham, covered in dirt and blood, standing nude, over the beaten corpse of Eldon Stammets. Viscera and grime smeared across the walls, ruby read blood and chunks of brain meat dripped off a counter corner where Will had, apparently, bashed Stammets' skull in.

Will turned to him, panting from physical exhaustion. Sweat dripped from him, clearing away the dirt in thin lines where the drops rolled. It caressed his body, graceful as lace, delicate in spite of the brutality Will was capable of.

Will swung a leg into the tub, straddling Hannibal's hips. Wordlessly, he grabbed Hannibal's belt and tugged, rough, until it fell open. He jerked Hannibal's zipper and boxers down, freeing his quickly hardening cock. Hannibal grabbed the edges of the tub as Will growled.

The smaller man kneeled over Hannibal, reaching over the side of the tub and hauling Stammets' body closer. He reached into the man's broken skull and swirled two, dirty fingers around, coating them in blood and pulverized brain.

He roughly jabbed the digits into himself, careening forward with the force of the intrusion. Will grunted, quickly scissoring himself open.

Hannibal tried to move up, to help Will, but Will's other hand shot out. He pressed down, placing all of his weight on Hannibal's throat. Hannibal could only swallow a thread of air. His vision went a little black around the edges, but whether it was because of the choking or because he could only focus on Will, he didn't know.

Hannibal knew that the same violence that had been used against Stammets could be turned on him at any moment.

Will was a vision of vengeance, and angel of slaughter as he forced Hannibal's weeping cock inside of him. He rode Hannibal like a galloping horse, animalistic and intense. Skin slapping filled the room as Hannibal was enveloped in burning, vice-like heat. He could do nothing but hold on and try to keep from cumming instantaneously.

Will tensed around his cock, falling forward and mouthing at Hannibal's neck. With a snarl, he ripped into the other man's throat, blood coating his teeth. Hannibal came inside Will, as the other man licked at the bite mark.

"What happened to you?" Hannibal asked, voice shaking as he rode out the aftershocks, "What made you this way?"

Will laughed above him as he grabbed his cock, smearing dirt over its length as he pumped, “Nothing made me, Doctor Lecter,” he looked down his nose, like a god staring at an ant, “I made me.”

Frustration rose and died in Hannibal’s chest at being unable to shape Will into his becoming. He wished that he could have been the one to open Will up to his darkness, yet, he couldn’t find it in his heart to complain, as he had still been gifted a beautiful and vicious thing.

Hannibal knew at that moment he’d never be able to cage Will, that all he could do was fall to his knees and pray that Will kept him around. He watched the smaller man, awestruck, as Will came.

“Now,” Will said, stepping out of the tub, allowing Hannibal’s soft cock to slip from his hole, “We have a body to dispose of.”

Hannibal could do nothing but nod.

End Notes

heyoooo trade fic TWO! this one was a delight to write! so much fun. honestly. im always down for fic/art trades so if u draw or write fics and want to trade, leave a comment or dm me on twitter!

fic title is from The Garden Song by the mountain goats. because i LOVE some early goats

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!